

RICK SULLIVAN'S

# GORE GAZETTE

75¢

Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area

No. 9



ALTHOUGH A KNUCKLEHEAD PUBLICIST TRIED TO CONVINCE US THAT THE WITHERED CHAP DEPICTED ABOVE WAS AN EXCLUSIVE SHOT OF LIBERACE'S LAST MATING CALL FROM HIS AIDS-INFESTED PALM SPRINGS DEATHBED, IT IS ACTUALLY A HAPLESS VICTIM FROM CLIVE BARKER'S NEW FILM HELLRAISER, THE DIRECTORAL DEBUT FROM ENGLAND'S NEW KING OF HORROR PROSE. GOREHOUNDS WILL NOT WANT TO MISS THIS DEPRAVED RELEASE FROM NEW WORLD PICTURES WHICH BLASTS IN TO THE NEW YORK AREA ON SEPTEMBER 18 !!!

As always, the months of summer are mostly devoid of low-budget and independent sleaze/exploitation product as the major film distribution conglomerates glut area screens with their mega-buck releases in hopes of securing a smash in the dozen or so weeks where moviegoing attendance is supposedly at its highest. With not much to cover on the horror beat and still "exhausted" from the harrowing move of our offices, the G.G. staff decided to take a sorely-needed vacation. After wrangling a set of quasi-legal tickets from a shady New York ticket broker, we jetted off to North Africa shortly after the July 4th weekend in search of rest, booze, contraband and maybe even some real-life cannibals to feature on the cover of the next G.G. Landing in beautiful Marrakesh, Morocco, we revelers clashed head-on with the quirky Moslem religion within an hour of setting foot on the continent. These sanctimonious towel-heads are forbidden by their religion to consume alcohol or listen to any kind of rock music, but are encouraged by their god Allah to openly smoke brain-warping hashish and defecate in the streets. After scoring a few cases of black-market beer, we headed for the sparsely-populated countryside, where at a local beach we learned of a third Moslem law which we had already unwittingly transgressed: white men are never to hit on Moslem women! While traveling back from the beautiful sunbleached beaches of Agadir with two veiled Moroccan beauties in tow, no less than a full police roadblock was set up as we left the village to remind us of our offense. With visions of MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-type atrocities imminent, we stammered our ignorance of the local customs to the burly Arabic gendarmes, who let us go after we promised to take the babes straight home, and not speak to or even look at another Moslem woman for the balance of our trip. (Did we fool them!) Anyway, after this little skirmish, we were pretty soured on Arabic life and we wandered around Marrakesh trying to behave and act like normal tourists. Soon, we stumbled upon a Moroccan twin cinema with lines extending a full city block. Certain that the attraction must be MOHAMMED: MESSENGER OF GOD or some other gem of moralistic piety, we were slackjawed to learn that these camel-humpers were lined up in droves to see an Arabic-dubbed version of Umberto Lenzi's CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD. Joining the line, we entered the theatre and viewed a fully uncut print of the zombie classic and were amazed to hear the audience cheer as every graphic sequence of entrail-munching and blood-spewing splashed across the screen. After the film, we learned that zombie and cannibal epics are among the most popular films in the area, with George Romero's DAWN OF THE DEAD being one of

Morocco's biggest money-makers in the country's history. Talk about a nation with a weird set of values--- maybe we're all lucky these dudes don't drink! Anyway, after almost 10 days of culture clash and near-escapes, your editor solemnly pondered the encumbrances of all modern-day religions while jetting back over the Atlantic when there, right in the back pages of SOLDIER OF FORTUNE magazine screamed the key to eternal salvation. A tiny 1 inch ad promised that for only \$25.00 one could become a genuine ordained minister. Thinking that the use of this ploy had gone out of style when the draft ended in the early 70's, I nonetheless hastily sent off my check upon returning home. Four weeks later I received my official ordination certificate proclaiming me the Rt. Rev. Rick Sullivan and giving me permission from the Ordained Ministries of America to assemble the congregation of my choice. Since the Moslem religion seems a sect based on the most obtuse of rules, why not form a Church of Sleaze with our own set of values which will protect us from persecution and scorn from the outside world? Before readers start thinking that I've spent too much time sucking on some greasy rug-trader's hookah, let me add that this way-out church idea is just a thought (and is sure as hell filling a lot of space in what otherwise would be a pretty lean issue), but be advised that I am really a reverend now, and as such demand some secular respect from you workbags.... Anyway, before this issue becomes a third-rate Hunter S. Thompson self-indulgence tome, let's get on with what we're here for in the first place:

STREET TRASH - Back in early 1984 when the late, lamented G.G. film aeries was in full swing at NY's trashiest nightspot THE DIVE, a gangly, quiet kid came up to me at the projection booth one night and shyly asked if I'd be interested in showing a 13 minute film he'd made in one of my pre-feature trailer programs. Suspiciously pegging him as an art boho/lobster, I inquired as to the subject matter of his effort. Nervously shuffling his feet, he explained that the film was about "a bunch of Bowery winos who drink some radiation-contaminated Thunderbird wine and turn into melting, screaming masses of pus.....uh, it's called STREET TRASH." The plot and title seemed OK by me and I told him to bring down the 16mm short to next week's show. At the first screening, gorehounds went nuts for this mini puke-a-thon (that was filmed for under \$2,000) and demanded that it be presented week after week. By the tenth encore presentation, I offhandedly suggested to the kid (who by then I'd come to know quite well as Jim Muro) that he expand STREET into a full-length feature. Jim agreed that

it would be a good idea and soon after ducked out of sight for over half a year. The next time I heard from him, he'd fallen in with famed NY film instructor Roy Frumkes (DOCUMENT OF THE DEAD, TALES THAT WILL RIP YOUR HEART OUT, etc.) and actually raised over \$700,000 to bring his short to feature fruition. Less than a year after that, the new STREET TRASH was completed and scheduled for a world premiere at Manhattan's posh Zigfield Theatre in the summer of 1986. Talk about a whiz kid! Muro landed a lucrative distribution deal with the newly-formed Vestron Pictures in early 1987 and one of the earliest state-side test screenings was held at the G.G.-related Meadtown Theatre in the wilds of North Jersey at the end of June. STREET TRASH makes a great-looking transition to 35mm with Jim's excellent steady-cam work and the super-gross f/x of Jennifer Aspinall giving a lavish, slick gloss to the production that belies its relatively small budget. However, in realizing his jump to the big leagues, Muro got a bit overenthusiastic about the plot, adding enough additional characters, subplots and flashbacks to the original tainted wine premise that he has enough material to stretch out for three other STREET sequels squished into this one vehicle. As such, the film digresses badly, meandering aimlessly and confusingly throughout its 90-odd minute running time. But to gorehounds who could care less for coherence, STREET TRASH has it all: ghastly melting, puking, raping, pissing, castration, mutilation, humiliation, beating, racism and general gore hijinx amidst an entertaining balance of black and elementary school style toilet humor that should help you forget that you really don't quite know what the hell is going on in the film. Most certain to be rated X for violence, STREET TRASH boasts one of the most depraved sequences ever committed to celluloid as a group of junkyard bums play catch with the severed penis of a wino from a rival clan. Although Jim has probably stopped speaking to us because of our harsh criticism of his screenplay (Frumkes should know better—he teaches film for Christ's sake!), STREET TRASH is a crowning achievement for a debut effort from a filmmaker barely into his twenties, and gorehounds should look forward to and encourage the next effort from this sleaze pioneer. Catch STREET TRASH at all costs!

INNERSPACE—Pity poor Joe Dante, who in four short years has gone from being a film industry darling with his multi-million dollar smash GREMLINS to a soon-to-be outcast with the back to back commercial failures of 1985's THE EXPLORERS and this, a 1980's update of 1966's FANTASTIC VOYAGE. It's not really Joe's fault either, as like THE EXPLORERS, INNERSPACE is a wild slapstick



A SHIFTY GOREHOUND/P.L.O. SYMPATHIZER POSES IN FRONT OF A POSTER FOR THE UMBERTO LENZI CANNIBAL CLASSIC CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD IN A GRIMY BACK ALLEY IN MARRAKESH, MOROCCO.

fantasy tailor-made for fans of 1950's sci-fi quickies and state-of-the-art f/x pyrotechnics from Rob Bottin. Harrison Ford clone Dennis Quaid plays a hotshot test pilot who is to be miniaturized and injected into the bloodstream of a laboratory rabbit. After a surprise attack by some industrial espionage mercenaries, he is accidentally implanted in the body of a neurotic grocery clerk played by Martin Short. The balance of INNERSPACE is one long extended chase scene as the spies pursue Short to get control of the microscopic Quaid who in turn is trying to get out of Martin, all of which is mixed with some convoluted sub-plots involving love triangles, old rivalry and a Hispanic strongarm man named The Cowboy. Dante packs the usual homage to his film heroes of decades past, so trivia nerds can amuse themselves spotting Dick Miller, Kenneth Tobey, Henry Gibson, Orson Bean, etc. throughout the flick's slightly overlong 120 minutes. Not even the sanctified blessing of "Steven Spielberg Presents" could stop INNERSPACE from going belly up at the box office—most likely due to its rather nondescript title and truly awful ad campaign. But don't let the empty theatres fool you—INNERSPACE is an entertaining tour de force right up there with the best of Dante's work and is definitely not to be missed!

ROBOCOP—Former Dutch lobster auteur Paul Verhoeven (THE 4TH MAN, SPETTERS) obscures his European heritage with this futuristic slice-of-Americana crime drama packed with so much relentless action that it makes THE

TERMINATOR look like CHOICE. Originally rated X for its explicit violence and later trimmed of 42 seconds to secure an R, this tale of a cyborg policeman let loose to clean up crime in a turn-of-the-century (2000) Detroit is a sci-fi DEATHWISH that'll keep gorehounds salivating from the first reel as Verhoeven packs enough explicit violence, profanity, sadism and sick humor to make ROBOCOOP look like an underground comic book come to life. An interesting sub-plot involving a sinister totalitarian corporation that engineered the avenger, coupled with Rob Bottins's nifty android creations whisk this 103 minute gem along at a breakneck pace, making ROBOCOOP a strong contender for G.G. GORE FILM OF THE YEAR. A must see!

THE LOST BOYS - Many G.G. readers have already written in to express their displeasure with this comedy/horror FRIGHT NIGHT clone, but perhaps the drugs had just kicked in when we saw it because we found LOST to be a witty, energetic spoof providing both good laughs and shocks. Director Joel Schumacher (ST. HOMO'S FIRE) drags out the first half of this tale concerning a small California coastal village in the thrall of a gang of teen vampire metaloids who prey on a pair of brothers who have just moved to town, but packs the last two reels with some acceptable gore and plot twists to make LOST a rare example of a successful blend of yucks and chunks. Gaping plot holes abound throughout the flick's 92 minutes, but the show is stolen early on by Corey Feldman (FRIDAY THE 13TH, STAND BY ME), and Jamison Newlander as the Frog brothers, a group of pre-teen Van Helsing's who hold the key to defeating the bloodsucking clan. LOST BOYS never really delves into its opening "missing kids on milk cartons" premise and wastes the delectable Jamie Gertz by not once displaying her milk mounds, but it is still an enjoyable trash throwaway mucho welcome in these gore-barren summer months.

JAWS: THE REVENGE: Reviewed here only for the record (and to fill up space), this Grade Z disaster was still being filmed in early June for its July 17 release date! Technically inept and boring beyond belief, this fourth installment of the timeworn shark saga is notable only for its wretched special effects and the atrocious acting of Mario Van Peebles as a Jamaican marine biologist wearing a hilarious Negro rasta wig. A martini-bloated Michael Caine pops his head in here and there for some comic relief, but JAWS: THE REVENGE really sucks the dorsal fin and is easily the worst film to be released this year.

MONSTER SQUAD - Fred Dekker, who brought us last summer's grisly sleeper, NIGHT ON THE

still having wet dreams over) returns with this well-intentioned homage to the Universal monster classics of the 30's & 40's that could serve as an introductory gore primer for the pre-teen set, while still keeping older gorehounds mildly amused. Clocking in at a scant 81 minutes, MONSTER is concerned with a group of children who have a treehouse fraternity devoted to monsters. Through no apparent reason, Count Dracula, the Wolfman, the Frankenstein monster, the Mummy, and even the Creature from the Black Lagoon invade their town to steal a mystic amulet that "controls the balance between good and evil" on the planet. Of course the kids are the only ones hip to this invasion and, christening themselves "The Monster Squad", they set out to battle the famous villains. SQUAD features some excellent F/X and monster make-up from gore whiz Stan Winston and packs some pretty strong violence for a PG-13 rating (which may cause the film to miss its potential audience), but overall the flick is pretty dumb. Aging gorehounds may recall a bit of their halcyon younger years in the characters of the pre-teen monster enthusiasts (FAMOUS MONSTERS references abound), but MONSTER SQUAD is strictly relegated to the kiddie matinee set. (Take your nephew or the kid down the street as a good excuse!)

RARE VIDEOS: Good quality copies of MACABRE (the 1983 ultra-rare directoral debut of Lamberto Bava, this Hitchcockian melodrama concerns a disturbed divorcee and her perverted lovemaking with a severed head-- subtle but recommended; with a sick, sick finale!), GRIM REAPER II (the domestically-unreleased sequel to Joe D'Amato's 1982 Greek island gorefest, this time the legendary cannibal giant is on the loose in America, featuring some X-rated slaughters and mutilations that have kept the film banned in Great Britain!), SALO: THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM (the oft-requested art film from the late, ultra-decadent Pierre Paolo Passolini, this perverse stomach-churner makes THE PIG-FUCKING MOVIE look like a Walt Disney outing! Truly revolting!), THE PSYCHIC (a rare Herschell Gordon Lewis soft-core outing from the 1970's patched together from an unfinished film, this epic is low on gore, but high on Ed Wood-style ineptitude and a laugh riot!), & THE CRAWLING EYE (many G.G. readers have asked us to offer some of the rarer 1950's horror classics, this is one of the best-- completely uncut from the television version).

Titles are available in both VHS and Beta (be sure to specify format) for only \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 weeks for delivery. Send checks, money orders or cold, hard cash (preferred) to the GORE GAZETTE, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011. Order Today!